



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

know one goes to the Rocky Mountains, another to the Andes, a third after icebergs. In the great age of painting the painters had not that curiosity, and their public cared only for a few beautiful women. A human figure was a poem. "The subject was only the occasion to represent the apotheosis of man in all his attributes." Then you could say, in the studio, How nobly he has seen! Now you say, How much he has seen! What you could have said in the studio of the old painters, you say to-day in the gallery of the Louvre, before Titian's portraits or before Veronese's vast compositions. They painted beautiful human ideas. We no longer care for ideas—for the human form. Our aim is to accumulate facts; and "facts," "beautiful" or "lovely facts," to-day are the cant phrases of an illegitimate criticism. What we have gained and what we have lost is a vast question, more easily asked than answered; but it is the question suggested by modern art at the Champ de Mars, and by ancient art at the Louvre.

HANDLE TURNERS.

On the curtain rising, slowly to soft music, is discovered Almeida, "The Mourning Bride," in deep crape, vainly endeavoring to distil comfort from melody. Presently she advances to the orchestra and exclaims,

"Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks or bend a knotted oak."

But, she adds, her grief is so overwhelming, having lost her father, that an entire course of Monday Popular Concerts would neither afford cure nor relief.

The experiments made upon Mr. Babbage afford another startling proof that the intently occupied mind considers as an insult the intrusion of harmonies. After laboring for weeks, toiling at roots and surds and logarithms, the great calculator is within sight of his "sum tottle" when a street organ strikes up its mechanic strain and sets the algebraic brain dancing to the "Hilda Waltz." Mr. Babbage loses patience, shows temper, upsets his stomach, and finishes work for that day. Mr. Babbage ought either to live in the country or in a padded room, or get deaf.

Our own experience of peace disturbed, and angry passions roused through the twanging vibrations of music waves, is another confirmation that the compound householder when absorbed in mental work of the lowest character is still subject to the same distressing emotions as those which racked the Princess of Grenada and exploded the mathematician of London.

We were busily engaged going over the butcher's book (it had no business to be so heavy), and we were bothered to death with checking the 6½ lb. bf. at 9½d., and the 8¾ lb. mut. at 9½d., when a professor of the barrel organ planted himself—rude weed—in the front garden, and commenced his begging concert. We were hard at work over 3¾ lb. pork chops at 8¾d. when the savage began to "paddle his own canoe." We rushed to the window and made signs of distress, but the handsome tormentor only smiled back at our wrath, showed his beautiful teeth, and, indeed, churned the harder at his barrels. When we frowned he nodded his head; when we cried "go away," he replied he was a "poor Italian." In despair we cast aside the butcher's book (full of shameful errors), and listened to eight tunes.

"Ah! che la morte" is a lovely thing, and

it made us digest our mutton and beef fury. We began to think more kindly of the picturesque grinder of nerves. He might be some educated musician, some sensitive artist reduced by want to this turning of the mangling machine, he might be bending under the heavy weight of care, as well as his musical box. He might be acquainted with a tune even more distressing than those he played—misfortune. Taking twopence from the mantelpiece, we hurried to an interview.

That he might enjoy our conversation the better, we mixed up for him a linguistic salad, composed of English, Latin, French and Italian. He was a communicative man, warmly clad—half brigand, half railway porter—and decorated with a peacock's feather and earrings. He enjoyed his smile. When called upon for serious opinions he uttered them with an air of unanswerable wisdom, which made discussion appear to be a stabbing matter.

We begun, "You venez la bella Italia; the classic superba, jolie, patria." He smiled twelve teeth, all white as a sole's belly. "Si, Signor, me Naples, from Leather Lane."

As he could speak English and seemed proud of his knowledge, we withdrew our polyglot salad, and felt relieved. "Ah! Naples of the clear skies and blue waters. Dost not long to quit our soot-clouded London?" His eyes looked poems, but he only answered—"Saffron Hill var good town; plenty cabbage, plenty good fish—cheap."

The "cheap fish" was annoyingly unpoetical. We instantly dropped our romantic style of address. "Of course you are a thorough musician—all Italians are—born so. We need not ask if you are devoted to your art?"

"Oh, yaas," he replied, with a look of pathetic weariness. "Twelve years with organ—long time. Music var good thing! make de leetle childer dance."

This was not encouraging. "You misunderstand! Music—fine study—you it love—you it adore—for beauty, it worship."

Even thus clearly explained he failed to catch our meaning. "Yaas, yaas"—nodding his classic head—"music good, bring money to poor Italiano, sometime two shilling, sometime one shilling—not much. Organ var heavy fifty pound, and make wrist tired. At first tire much, O, la! now use to it, not tire so much as tire before use to it, you see?"

We determined on trying another tack. "Goethe says (see the *Musical World*) 'The worth of art appears most eminent in music, since it requires no material, no subject matter, whose effect must be deducted; it is wholly form and power.' Now, do you agree with that opinion?"

After profound consideration, he replied, "Vaal, not when de rain fall; de wet wedder spoil de tunes, spoil de polish, spoil de clothes—music not good when rain come."

We began to suspect that our theory of the educated and sensitive artist was an absurdity, but we patiently pursued our inquiry. "Just now," we continued, "you were playing a *morceau* from *Figaro*. Of course, it is useless to inquire if you know who Mozart was."

He shook his head. "He not live in our court—not know him. Dere's Muscardini, have de monkey—non Mozart. Muscardini you mean."

"No, no! Mo-zart—the divine Mo-zart," with great distinctness. "Yon have been playing his music, from *Figaro*."

"Non, non," shaking his head slowly, with the solemnity of wisdom; "your Mozart make no tune for my organ. Mr. Hicks, who live in Clerkenwell, he make de music wit a leetle hammer."

"We are speaking of the celebrated composer, Mozart," we continued; "the great genius who blessed the world with, alas! sadly too few of his noble works, for he died young. Mozart, the author of *Figaro*."

"Den he cannot be Mr. Hicks," was the absurd answer. "Mr. Hicks live in Clerkenwell, at the back of the prison, on the oder side. He charge me ten shilling for de tune. He take de hammer and de little nail of brass, and make de music—so, tap, tap. Dat Mozart not true."

He had seated himself on his organ the better to enjoy the chat. Scarcely believing what we had heard, preferring to think that the brown-skinned son of Naples misunderstood us—that conversing in a foreign language confused him—we shifted the subject of our discourse.

"There is another great composer, Handel—George Frederick Handel—the giant among composers. What think you of the man who was born at Halle, in Germany?"

The Italian's features assumed a savage expression. "Italians not like de Germans. Dere plenty brass bands, Whitechapel. If dey come to Saffron Hill we say 'go away.' We fight battles. Dere is no Handel in our court."

"The Handel I refer to died in 1759, aged seventy-four years, and is now worshipped by musicians as one of the greatest in the calendar of sainted genius. You do not know his works?"

He endeavored to explain to me his hatred for Germans. "De poor Italiano play de organ—vaal, de Garman trompets come—vaal, two musics not good. De people say, 'Vat noise! Go away! Vat noise is dis? So, no penny poor Italiano. Garman!' he crunched his teeth together. "Your Handel come to Saffron Hill—he see! Huh!"

When an Italian is angry he should be comforted, so we allowed him to grind his superb teeth over the thoughts of Handel—(he was used to abuse enough while he lived)—and gently coaxed the savage back to Italian memories.

"There once lived a famous Italian named Donizetti. He was a writer of music. Have you ever heard of him?"

With a sudden delight he cried out, "Dat good man! Dat good man? Yars! You know him!"

"We were not personally acquainted," we replied modestly, yet charmed with the poor fellow's enthusiasm, and delighted at having at last raked out of his dust-bin mind one great name he recognized. "His glorious works are thoroughly admired."

"Ah! ah! glorious works!" Then he laughed and smacked his lips. "De sausage di Bologna, de macaroni of Naples—dat good works—yars." The wretch was talking of a provision merchant.

Disgusted, wearied, sorrowful, we only put one more question to the handsome idiot.

"Whom do you consider to be the greatest composer who ever lived?"

The answer was given to us confidentially, as though imparting a professional secret. "Dere is a man in Paris vat make de organ, but he charge too much money; you say, with fierce look, 'Cristi! give twelve pound, no more!' Oh! good organ! eight tune!"

So we gave him two pennies and he hoist-

ed up his cargo and departed. This handle-turner knew no more of the art that sanctified his noise than a telegraph wire knows of the message it conveys. It does not particularly matter, though annoying! There will always be handle-turners as long as the world lasts, and this man cost only twopence. King Beales is more expensive.

SPIRIDON'S GOSSIP FROM PARIS.

RUE DE LA CHAUSSEE D'ANTIN,
PARIS, December, 1867.

While you believe the French to be corrupt, I do not think you fully conceive the extent and depth of their corruption. All plays and nearly all books sent from this country show you how utterly women condemn chastity and how regardless men are of those barriers, which we think insuperable, (such as friendship and near blood,) when their loose desires are kindled. Nevertheless, I suspect you scarcely conceive how utterly deficient the French are in those moral principles, which the vilest person among you claims to possess. I cannot, even were I sure of your patience, treat this subject (curious as it is) as thoroughly as it deserves. But two or three incidents have recently occurred here which have so shocked me, I cannot recover equanimity until after unburdening my breast.

Did you ever hear of Mme. de Paiva? If you have visited Paris in the winter her face must be familiar to you. Her house in the Avenue des Champs Elysees is pointed out to all strangers. This city occupies so eminent a position in the world and its history, even in the form of contemporary history called news, is so familiar to "society" in all civilized capitals, wealthy people of obscure countries have an ambition to connect themselves with it. They gratify their vanity in two ways by this scheme. They make themselves known to the world and they preserve their memory for a much longer period of time than they otherwise might hope to do. They satisfy their ambition by building a house in Paris. If they have money and taste they build a magnificent mansion and adorn it with paintings by eminent artists, with bronzes of merit and with rare marbles. When they are tired of the toy they sell it for a sum greatly below its cost, and it remains known as their house. The name figures in the history of Paris, and as long as the house stands they are remembered. In this way a great many foreigners' names are connected with Parisian history.

Some such ambition as this seems to have possessed Mme. de Paiva. She has built in the Avenue des Champs Elysees one of the most splendid mansions in Paris. The steps are of the costliest marble, the bannisters are of bronze and the moulds were broken after the bronze was made. The doors and mantel-pieces of the drawing-room are made of malachite. This stone is so costly (although not reckoned among the precious stones) as to be worn quite frequently as a breastpin. You may have heard the story of one of our bankers and Prince Demidoff, who owns the quarries whence malachite is drawn? The banker saw the Prince admiring his breastpin and, ignorant of the history of the stone, said: "It is beautiful, isn't it? Do you know the material, it is exceedingly costly?" Prince Demidoff replied: "Yes, I am quite familiar with it;

my mantel-pieces are made of it" to the confusion of the banker. The walls of the drawing-room contain pictures, one by Mons. Boulanger representing Catherine of Russia arresting by a smile Turkish soldiers, another by Mons. Elie Delaunay exhibits Diana of Poitiers presenting Jean Goujon and other great artists of her day to Henry II.; another still by Mons. Comte is a scene in the life of Louis XIV. and Mme. de Maintenon; the fourth is by Mons. Levy and represents Cleopatra's first interview with Antony. You may remember de Paiva ordered from Mons. Gerome a picture with the first interview between Cleopatra and Cæsar for its subject. He painted the picture, but they failed to agree on the price, she, thinking eight thousand dollars too much to give for it, offered five thousand dollars, which Mons. Gerome declined and found at once a purchaser at his price. The drawing-room ceiling is painted by Mons. Gerome; the theme is the hours of dawn, sunrise, noon and sunset.

You may deduce Mme. de Paiva's position from her drawing-room. Who were Catherine, Diana, Cleopatra, and Mme. de Maintenon? Her drawing-room seems a temple to feminine immorality. Who is Mme. de Paiva? Ah—who is she? Nobody knows. There is a rumor afloat she is the wife of a Russian tailor, who deserted her husband to follow a young Russian noble to Vienna. She became under his protection a skilful musician. Her first appearance in Paris was at a concert. She led an extremely immoral life after this, but in the midst of it constantly remembered the importance the possession of money gives, and whatever became of her character her purse was always good. Twenty or twenty-five years ago she accepted the protection of a German of great wealth and this protection still exists. Her estate is now immense. She owns the almost royal Chateau de Pontchartrain where she keeps an immense retinue of servants; her gardeners and hostlers are English, her laundresses and dairy maids are Dutch, she has Italians for macaroni and ices, and French for pastry, etc. in her kitchen, and Swiss guard the estate. She has tried in vain to get into good society; but as she is "very particular" whom she receives her only female company is recruited from decayed families of the Faubourg St. Germain, who are only too glad to get a good dinner. She sometimes receives a woman as outland as herself, though she is averse to "such people," but she made exception for the late Mme. Roger de Beauvoir and for Mlle. Rachel. Her chief company is furnished by our sex, and I confess I am shocked when I see what men she attracts to her house and prevails upon to sit at her table and sip her wines. Would you believe it possible such men as Messrs. Sainte Beuve, Nisard, Feuilleton de Conches, Theophile Gautier, Philarete Chasles, Renan, and Prosper Merimee are her habitual guests and feast with her as if her banquets had the purest origin? Is it not revolting?

They are now playing at the Gymnase a comedy by Mons. Ernest Legouvé, the author of "Medea" and the collaborer of Scribe in several plays, among which is "Adrienne Lecouvreur." The title of the piece is "Miss Suzanne," which is the name of the heroine, the daughter of a Parisian mechanic, educated in America by an aunt who emigrated years ago. *Miss Suzanne* is consequently an American girl in thoughts

and habits. The play is designed to show the superiority of the English and American system of education over the French. When I call *Miss Suzanne's* father a mechanic I use a term at which he would probably cavil. I dare say he calls himself an artist, for his skill in making side-boards carved in the most elaborate and at the same time tasteful manner, has made him famous in Paris. Nobody with wealth and taste would admit in his dining-room a side-board from any shop but *Miss Suzanne's* father's. His shop is always filled with customers, and one day the *Countess de Brignolles* met there *Lawrence*, a noted Parisian lorette, who had entrapped the *Countess's* son and was seducing him into making ducks and drakes with his money—which almost broke her maternal heart. It is remarkable that in this nation, which affects to despise the English as a race of shopkeepers, and the Americans as idolaters of the almighty dollar, no distress pictured by novelists or dramatists is half so poignant as that which is caused by loss of money. Mme. de Paiva thoroughly understood the French character, when she clung to money as something more valuable than character. She succeeded in extricating her son; but by no means sure how long she could keep him from *Lawrence's* springs, she determined to engage *Miss Suzanne* to translate some English papers she wished to use in the life of her husband, which she was writing. This was the ostensible design. Her real purpose was to allure her son by *Miss Suzanne's* beauty, youth and talents, and abet him in ruining her, because she would be cheaper than *Lawrence*. *Miss Suzanne's* charms fire the countess's son at once, and he begins to lay siege to her heart. *Miss Suzanne* is flattered, for she was educated among gentlemen—not Frenchmen—who have a conscience and principles of honor which are firm in passion's wildest tempest. A young aunt, who knows what stuff her countrymen are made of, reveals the son's designs to *Miss Suzanne*. She has scarcely ended the revelations when the son enters the room, and *Miss Suzanne* asks him point-blank if his design was to dishonor her. He confesses that was his purpose, but hastens to add, her charms were so great as to transform him—he would have her hand as well as her heart. The *Countess* positively refuses to give her consent to any such marriage beneath her family. The son tells her that if she refuses her consent he will join a regiment in Algeria, and do his best to be killed; which wrings a reluctant consent from her. Now, this hideous conduct of the *Countess*, not only playing procuress to her son, but deliberately plotting the ruin of a young, innocent girl, confided by her father to the *Countess's* care, a trust she accepts determined beforehand to betray, seems to the French of both sexes the most natural and every-day occurrence. They applaud her conduct. It revolts no breast, no brain.

HERR SCHACHNER has received the commands from her Majesty the Queen to arrange his oratorio, *Israel's return from Babylon*, for the harmonium, for her Majesty's own use.

BUCHAREST.—SIGNORA Angelica Moro has been well received in *La Sonnambula*, *Lucia*, *Linda*, and *Il Barbiere*.

FLORENCE.—The autumn season was brought to a close at the Pergola with *L'Italiani in Algeri*, and the ballet of *Estella*.